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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALDENI
Cantant Soboles, unanimique PATRES."

VOL. VI.—NO. I.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

MDCCLX.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

NO. 1.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOME sixty five years ago, and in the county of Berwickshire, upon the silvery border stream—in an ‘auld wives’ cottage there lay a crippled boy—son of a briefless barrister, with few to care for, and none to instruct his mind. But there were instructors there, better than ‘doughty gerund grinders,’ or any human teachers. Scenes of the Lowland border song and minstrelsy, are spread in grandeur round him! Yonder stands the chivalric seat of an ancient family, famous in the story of Southron spoil;—beyond, across the winding Tweed lies the venerable mansion—the scene of many a festive hour in the days of his prosperity. Below, stands frowning on the yew tree’s shade, the tablatore of Dryburgh—the waste of Lammermoor stretches away behind him, while on the distant range of the Cheviots, dark battlements break the line of the horizon, and towards the western ocean, Melrose, memorable in after legend, stands fretted on the blue hills of the Ettrick and the Yarrow!

Years roll on, and that cripple boy is a giant man. Within his own baronial hall, nobles court his favor, and princes do him reverence! A short time more, and misfortunes swarm upon him, as if to try his strength; the gilded castle which industry and merit had reared, Mammon levels at a blow. Scotland sees her birth-right sinking, and weeps! but scarce a helping hand is outstretched to save his wreck, and he sinks—proudly, and with giant struggles—yet he sinks! and death, which had left a warning, a half century back, in that crippled limb, comes to redeem his pledge, and cuts him down!

And now, where is the mysterious unknown? Where his baronetcy—where his kingly possessions—

“His glittering towers,
His golden mountains, where? All darkened down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears!
The great Magician’s dead!

VOL. VI.

1

Oh, how ambition flush'd
 That glowing cheek ! ambition truly great
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,
 (Sly treacherous miner,) working in the dark,
 Smiled at the well concerted scheme, and beckoned
 The worm to riot on the rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell !"

Such was the scene of Sir Walter's existence ; mystery veiled it for a time, but the light which revealed it, showed the curtain falling !—yet music floated round—a voice was there—Scott left behind him more to tell the story of himself, than ever man before him.

Struggling in early years with difficulties which gave a resolution to his character, he achieved by his almost unaided exertions, a name and an eminence which few, if any literary man ever attained. But viewing his unexampled favor with the world, as not even *presumptive* evidence of his merit, we propose to consider, what reflection, and attentive observation may expose in the character of such a man, worthy our admiration. Feeling has ever given a decision in his favor ; and while the sweeping tide of blandishments that flowed from his pen, coursed over our sympathies, judgment was not allowed a sitting. Now the charm is broken, and the jury of a dispassionate throng give in their verdict.

Educated in the high school of Edinburgh, which was possessed of the best means of communicating instruction that the times afforded, we find him apparently neglectful of imposed duties, and as he playfully says, 'greater in the yards, than at the desk.' Still, attaining a competency of learning by his wonderful quickness and retentive memory, he is by no means without admiration at that early period of life ; and he there manifests to his school-mates that trait of mind, which has given him his fame. Nature had aided him by *general* physical superiority ; of a stalwart form, and possessing a lively expression of countenance, he found it by no means difficult to arrest the attention and enchain the feelings of his school-boy companions, as effectually, as he has since bound the reading world by the charms of his genius. The law, was the branch in which his energies were destined by a watchful father, to be caught up from their wanton propensities, and to be bent and matured for future eminence. *Dis aliter visum*. Law was too strict for his recreant fancy—too much confined for his buoyant character. He possessed a mind which left free to its own suggestions, though hazarding many a rude encounter, would work ably. Confined, its energies were relaxed, because subdued ; weakened, because fettered. And who may not say, that many a mind training its faculties for usefulness, in one of the great thoroughfares of professional livelihood, if left to its

own direction, would work out for itself high ends, under the guidance of that Providence which nourishes its life.

But it were a bold experiment, and dangerous to follow the heedless wanderings of genius, confiding in the event of reaching the same goal.

Scott's efforts were by no means wholly unsuccessful, and a knowledge of the practice of law, acquired at Edinburgh, was the source of a valuable income to him throughout his life. But amid the briefs of criminal trials, and quires of writing to the Signet, his indefatigable mind is pursuing as far as legal restraints admit, the native bent of his giant intellect. The vacation months, see him wandering through the Highlands, telling his border tale, and receiving in turn the ballad of clan and feud. Not insensible to the tenderer emotions of the heart, we find him losing it amid the northern hills, and, alas! only to be disappointed! But he bore it like a strong man—valiantly. He did not cease to 'live within himself,' nor had 'his heart outgrown his years,'* but he battled with his agony, and subdued it in silence. Nor was this the only coincidence of the life of Scott with that of Byron; both were smitten with infirmity—how unequally they bore their lots! One ever rebelling against the dispensation of Providence, and with a fatuity most singular, keeps it before him as the incentive to misanthropy, and to the utter discomfiture of self-content. The other, if ever called to reflect upon so trifling a misfortune, makes it the medium of shadowing forth that modesty and humility, so eminently characteristic of him in every sphere of action; and if I may be allowed a passing comparison, their private lives, in all their varied walks, were as distinct as their reputations have ever been. The one admired in its terrific grandeur; the other loved for its gentleness, while admiration of his mind was almost forgotten, in sympathy with his creations. The genius of the one was looked upon as some fearful convulsion of the elements, striking with awe, while calling for admiration; that of the other was viewed as are his soft paintings of the border valleys and the heather wilds. Their minds, too, flowed out unlike—the one gushing periodically with force, and the live strength of the leaping cataract; the other running ever like his own sweet Yarrow,

—“through the green woods
And down the meadow ranging.”†

In one the power of Genius unshrouded in the enchantments which render private character a gem, stands forth in relief—the sole object of contemplation; in the other, Fancy putting on the garb of modesty and benevolence eludes the casual observer, and

* Byron's Dream.

† Wordsworth's 'Yarrow Revisited.'

presents a harmony of mind, at which the world wondering, scarce know what they admire most.

Years flew away with the Edinburgh barrister, and German, French and Italian, as they severally presented new storehouses for his imagination to hold its revels in, were made subjects of persevering and successful study.

A translation of Burger's *Leonora*, playfully constructed by him in rhyme, for a female friend, was his first printed essay: it having been published by her, with a hope to stimulate the bard of Sandy Knowe to more successful and vigorous effort. Shortly after, the same, with a translation of the *Wild Huntsman*, followed in a thin quarto, published by himself at the age of twenty-five. At this period, also, success crowned with lasting happiness his second love; but misfortune gave him of her cup to moderate the beaker of his pleasure. A father was snatched away, and Walter Scott was now senior writer to the Signet. His legal calls afforded however but a scanty pittance, and his literary worth rising gradually in public opinion, from the publication of his *Border Minstrelsy*, afforded some relief; until the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* established his fame as a poet, and secured to him a safe means of securing an ample livelihood. The melody of his verse ended not with the *Lay*, but chimed on, until the taste of society ever vacillating expressed itself sated, and looked anxiously for something new from the *Rokeby* minstrel. And they received, what came upon them like refreshing showers in the dust of a summer's heat—came like them too, they saw not whence. Strains of that wild romance fell on their ears again and again, until the marvel was, not how beautiful, but whence comes it!

Already mystery had lent its charms, and was now imbuing with honors unprecedented in literary annals the unknown magician. Criticism tried to divest itself of the magnifying wonder, and the mysterious charm. Its opinions came forth blended with all the effrontery of self-importance, until popular opinion laughed their frown to scorn, and adored their mythological hero, with all the assiduity of the Sun worshipers of old! Nothing could resist the charm, and the *Waverley* novels were found with the artisan after the day's labor had lain him toil-worn upon his couch—but not to sleep. The judge concealed the last issue under his gown, and with mock gravity pondered over the sayings of a new Baillie—Nicol Jarvie.

But was Walter Scott a man of vigorous intellect? or was the attraction owing to some distorted imagery which caught up the passions—played the truant with the judgment, and excited pleasurable emotions from the strangeness and novelty of combinations—the wildness of an untamed fancy? Was his political sagacity which sent forth the epistles of *Malagrowther*, startling the nation, but the result of an overwrought imagination—weakened by sin-

gleness of effort? Scott had a *great* intellect. His poems, which Bulwer says have never yet been appreciated, and which the poet Crabbe avows worthy more applause than his after works—these exhibit the proofs—tangible and forcible, of a richness of mind rarely, if ever surpassed.

The wild melody of the Last Bard—the beauty of its conception—the fervor of its thrilling scenes—all bespeak a mind of no ordinary tone. Marmion in lines of living fire rolled forth its strains to attest his power; and the sweet Lady of the Lake with a pathos and richness of imagery, and beauty of description equaling any thing ever penned, drew clouds of witnesses around Loch Katrine, till what was before a wilderness—sublime in its wildness, became softened to the tints of civilized life, and beauty usurped places of magnificence!

The character of his first heroine of romance, could have been drawn by none other than a high intellectual hand; her nobly proud spirit, her high aims—her sweet disposition, her romantic hopes,—all made her what she was, too pure for mortal associations, and wisely did Scott preserve the charm unbroken by finding no counterpart to her loveliness, this side the grave. The strange, wild pictures of Guy Mannering, with that native woman Meg Merrilies; the richness of description in Ivanhoe, which the *belles-lettres* scholar might study with advantage; the dark striking pictures of Old Mortality's scenes among the mountains—pale Habbakuk Mucklewrath with phrenzied ire, and zeal of a maniac kindling in his Cameronian heart—all these were drawn by none other than a soul of fire.

The leading characters in the romances of Scott, are founded upon those of reality. Launcelot Whale, was pictured not inaptly in the Dominie; George Constable was his Oldbuck; the high hearted daughter of Davie Deans, was the portrait of her, whose monument commemorates in his own language, the theft of her virtues; an able Lowlander of Millburn-Holm, was his Dandie Dinmont; Peter Pattieson, has become immortal in the garb of Old Mortality. David Ritchie, of Tweedsdale, was the original of his Black Dwarf; Croftangry of the Chronicles died as his father died—not a feature of the scene at variance with the picture of the old barrister's last hours. And many an incident and scene of real life, has been engrafted with all the thrift of genuine fancy upon the body of his fiction.

It may appear paradoxical to cite these in corroboration of his genius; yet the painter depicts more easily an imaginary beauty, than one real; he would startle more by his imaginary drawing of a cataract, than by filling the outlines of Niagara. In confining to reality, fancy is checked—made subservient to the bid of judgment, and reveals not all its wildest freaks, which unrestrained revel in the freedom of their nature.

Hence, Scott has given us 'the life' woven into the richness of his stories, with a naturalness so obvious, as to excite none but a continued emotion of pleasure; avoiding those gaunt, giant forms which while they astonish, drive away our fears or sympathies, by exciting suspicions of their reality. Hence it is, that Scott calls into exercise an art which the ordinary novelist does not possess—the cheating of his reader, by the close reality of his portrait. He calls into the matter of his works, a blending of observation with imagination, and of both with an ingenuity, for the result of which, others trust to the unaided, and the unguided fervor of fancy.

The fertility of Sir Walter's intellect, is a proof no less valid that he had a strong—a well tilled one. The delight experienced on the perusal of one tale had scarce died away, when another came to supply the vacancy; and he who had cherished Fergus McIvor, as the *beau idéal* of all conceptions, found him losing favor, as new rivals, with the rapidity of the changing month, flashed in all their excellence upon him. He who had saved his little earnings to become the owner of Waverley, found the tide of romance flowing too strong and fast, and was obliged to yield the palm, and withdraw his harvest earnings, from a competition with the mysterious agent of romance. Poor Ballantyne working at his types, found the torrent setting too strong for his feeble means, and launching into new and more extended efforts, for rolling on the avalanche, ruined himself and his patron author. And when fiction pure and elegant as it was, palled upon the sated appetite of thousands, history took up the magician's wand, and the author of Waverley told the story of his country's annals, and of the Emperor Napoleon. And this not in the prime of life, not in the enthusiasm of friendly succor, but in the damps of misfortune, when misery overshadowed him.

In this fertility of Sir Walter's mind, we see ever a vigor, a cogency, a beauty characteristic of a great intellect. In every sphere,—the poet, the historian, the translator, the novelist, the political pamphleteer, the chronologist, the reviewer, the biographer, in all, he evinced a fullness and freeness of diction, a purity of motive, a glow of imagination, a fervor of feeling, a power of observation, and an ingenuity of design perhaps never equalled. Imagination every where predominant, has drawn attention from the other attributes of his genius, which in lesser minds would have been hailed as the harbingers of a new and bright star in literature.

But with Sir Walter's greatness of mind, was united a goodness of heart, which should ever claim the homage of his readers. There is in him no vain show—no strivings to beget an admiration as artificial as evanescent; no supercilious air and bearing, from his world-wide fame; no boastings, but ever is he the mild father, the gentlest of protectors, the most gracious entertainer, the true, one-hearted Walter Scott!

His pure soul dealt not in wholesale infamy to astonish—to dazzle. In sooth, his conceptions of vice were almost universally aided by traditions, whose grossness he refined—whose ignominy he could not but tint with brighter colors. Kenilworth speaks higher of Leicester than history; the legend of Lammermoor was softened in the story of the unfortunate Ravenswood. The natural goodness of his heart, drew with sincerest fervor the virtues of Jeanie Deans—the pure benevolence of the Dominie—the frank hospitality of the old Udaller—the singleness of motive in the Baillie, Nicol Jarvie—the filial love, enhancing and adorning the female loveliness of Diana Vennon—the sainted purity of Alice Lee. In private life unimpeachable, with a high and excusable pride of country, and regard for the ancient institutions of his land, he saw with regret, not unmingled with indignation, the old clanships and chivalric dispositions of Highland customs, giving way to the march of revolution. A tory in principle, he sustained his character, not by extravagance, but by mild example; bore without a murmur the insults of an infuriated mob, and in his closet repined bitterly at the overthrow of institutions to which his heart was bound by a thousand familiar ties.

None so humble in spirit, though he courted the power to give dignity to the loved wife of his bosom, and to children attached with an unwonted fondness. No vain hankerings after wealth for itself, spurred him on, but he sought opulence, to lavish in benevolent acts upon his neighbors—to be the generous host of multitudes, and with a mistaken zeal, to make his children heirs of a high inheritance. His generous disposition proved, alas! his overthrow; his keen sensibility wore that vigorous frame to agony almost insupportable. Misfortunes came upon him like a whirlwind, and though his spirit quailed like a reed, it strove against them, till striving brake it in twain! But a short time after the fortune which he had fondly hoped to bequeath to his loved children, was ruined, the friend of his youth—the mother of his children, wasted with anxiety, and perished! Thirty years of attachment had knit them closer in the bonds of love, and now she was snatched away; while he, toiling at his tasks in Edinburgh, for satisfying the demands of merciless creditors, was not permitted to perform even the last act of affection! But hear him—

“May 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

“She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne [his daughter] is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. ‘Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.’ For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Ban Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seem to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was ever so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again.

"May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; and earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no.

"I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself and speak more cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if any thing touches me—the choking sensation! I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said—when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now.

"They are arranging the chamber of death. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall Oh my God!"

Here is a tragedy—deeper—deeper than that of Amy Robsart, or the Bride of Lammermoor! But let us drop the curtain over the keenness of his grief—the poignant, gnawing misery of his heart!

And what has the great and good Sir Walter done for the world? Where has fallen his influence? Where has he reaped his reward? In befriending with the munificent hand of a king, made full by his own toil, the poor unknown aspirant for literary fame? In bringing up the Ettrick Shepherd from his cotter's dale, and throwing around him by his influence and friendship, a portion of his wide spread fame? Is it in meeting with his buoyant heart, and with his warm feelings, the cutting blasts of fortune—in smiling when the soul sank, and left but the shadow of a life in that beaming countenance?—when the silvered hairs upon that fevered brow stood thick, clotted with the sweat of his agonizing labor?—when lying upon his couch, he dictated, amid the shrieks of piercing pain, that unrivalled story of the Disinherited? Has his influence fallen in his generous condescension—in pouring the light of his dark eye in pity on suffering—in indignation on tyranny—in love on all? Has he received his reward in giving up his life-blood, slowly, sufferingly, to the avaricious grasp of his creditors? Heaven forbid! His influence is as wide as the range of letters;—his reward, the gratitude of the literary world.

He tore Romance from its darkness and impurity—gave it elegance and chastity. He refined and modified fiction from an idle tale, to the genius of his works. He turned in the crucible of his mind, the remnants of savage fancy to the brightness of a new creation. The radiant sunlight of truth stole in upon his romance, and blazoned it with new and unseen beauties! He redeemed Scottish literature from its ebbing state, and made it the admiration, if not the model of the world. And if he has

not the perfection of rhetoric, it is because his genius admitted of no reflection upon forms; he poured out the resources of his mind in its own free, natural, unbiassed current.

Thousands in the haunts of dissipation, stirred by the pathos of his stories, were lured away, if not to greater goodness—to less badness. Each character teaches its own moral, and sinks in the heart by its melting tenderness. The stern moralist was startled by the power of the new teacher; vice was terrified at its own ugliness, and shrunk into obscurity! Woman saw herself in the proud Lady Ashton—saw herself in the lowly maid of Mid Lothian; she chose between the two! Never before had she seen so clearly as in the portraiture of Jeanie Deans, that virtue was elegance, and fell like a robe of gold about the humblest cottage lass.

But not only this: Scott unfolded to the admiring gaze of the world his own dear land. Scotland was known but as the wild home of the wilder mountaineer; her heaths and her 'wee modest' daisy had found only the short-lived Burns to weave them in fragmentary verse. Her legends—legends of her character, lay hid—and might have lain for years, but the sun of his genius threw a light amid her dells and mountain caverns that blazoned them to the world. Knowledge of her scenery begat admiration—admiration drew throngs of visitors to dwell about the enrapturing scenes. Civilization, with slow and steady pace, crept in amid the highlands of Loch Lomond. Slowly yet surely did he draw aside the dark folds which curtained Scotia's land, and revealed there in the richness of his creative portraiture, her forgotten customs—her lingering spirit—her chivalrous aspect; and again the pibroch pealed, as of old, amid those ancient hills—again filed down the plaid-clad Highlander from his fir-fringed gleus—again marched on the Lowland border-man, with bonnet blue, and white plume floating high—to victory!

Our bosoms felt the thrill, and our life-blood pulsated with the high heart of clan-divided Scotland. The home of Burns became our neighbor; we walked on hills which Loch Leven glassed upon her bosom; we trod where Fergus McIvor marshalled his eager clans; we strode in courts where 'Marmion's haughty crest threw back the glance of day;' we wept with Merrilies on Ellangowan's height. Scenes of Dalgetty's prowess with lance and at the board, were before us; again, within the kirk yard,

—"with white locks flowing free,

The pious sculptor of the grave, stood Old Mortality!"

We saw the richness of Nithsdale spread in beauty around us;

—"We look'd o'er hill and dale,

O'er Mertoun's wood, and Tweed's fair flood,

And all down Teviot-dale."

Here it is, in giving national features of scenery—in abetting the knowledge of history, Scott is and must ever be unrivalled, as he is in tenderness and sublimity. Compare him with the most popular imaginative author of to-day, and we find Scott as much above Master Humphrey, as *he* is above ordinary story-tellers. What scenes has Dickens endeared to us? What ground has he made holy? What associations has he called up, pleasant and lasting? What national features see we mirrored forth clearly and elegantly in his tales? We are not insensible to his merits; he possesses a singular combination of wit and pathos that we have rarely seen equalled; and it is to the latter of these he trusts for the interest of his tales, and the continuance of his reputation.

But we are protracting our article beyond reasonable limits; and we must leave poor Scott—leave him in his home at Dryburgh! And yet when we take up his books, we can hardly realize that he does not live and speak. And even now, with but a faint effort of the imagination, we can see him at his old home, again the cheerful, ready host.—

The splendid hall of Abbotsford is again lit, as in its days of glory; again the kingly board groans under true Scottish viands. The rich apartment is hung around with trophies of Southron spoil, and of Highland prowess. The famed border horn hangs yonder above the Gothic window-bow; the Wallace chair is drawn carefully to the head of the rich board. Sir Humphrey Davy, Wollaston, Mackenzie, and many a laird of Raeburn, and of the house of Ferguson—Laidlaw, with his shrewd Scotch countenance, even the portly Constable, and the leering visage of poor Johnnie Ballantyne—all are there. Lady Scott and Anne, and many a maiden of neighbor mansion, are now seated at the 'Shirra's' table. But more than all, yonder with silver locks just fringing his cheerful open countenance, and eyes beaming with benevolence, in his green hunting dress, sits the laird of the mansion—the Great Unknown! The joke and gibe flies gaily round; the true heart's laugh breaks from the lips of Sir Walter, in chorus to the tale of yeoman service; and now in turn, with a snatch of border minstrelsy, he enters upon a new story of enchantment. The silver tones, with the half smile—half Scottish accent, fall upon the ear like music! Every eye is open—every heart is enchained, and the tale speeds on. But, to quote from a beautiful poem,

—“the vision and the voice are o'er; their influence waned away,
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day!
The vision and the voice are o'er! but when shall be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance—the imperishable Scott!”

THE ASTROLOGER.

A TALE OF GRENADA.

"TANGLED the web which fate is weaving,
Perplexing still and still deceiving,
Who can the future know?
Scarce from the past a ray is given,
Scarce through its clouds a beam has striven,
To light the path we go.

"Seek we to pierce what lies before us,
Alas, no art can then restore us
To hours devoid of strife;
Vain shadows, from the future, blending
With scenes our present path attending,
Start into fearful life.

"Then give to us the present pleasure,
We prize it as a richer treasure
Than wisdom from the past;
Brighter the halo that surrounds it,
Fairer the flow'ry wreath that bounds it,
Than shadows forward cast."

These words in measure wildly sung,
Loud through Grenada's streets were rung,
Unheeded in that midnight hour,
Save where from out an ancient tower
A light e'en then was faintly gleaming,
Like the last star at day-break beaming.
Up starting as from troubled sleep,
Osmail no more could silence keep:
"Fools, fools, to tread life's narrow round
Within its dusky circle bound,
Content its dreams of joy to chase,
Content its phantoms to embrace,
Willing the soul's immortal light
To quench in almost rayless night.
What find they in the passing hour,
E'en when no clouds around it lower,
To please, to satisfy the gaze,
Which Allah's glories scarce amaze?
But now! O God, this day's sad story
How has it quenched the crescent's glory!
Now, when upon our leaguered walls
The Spanish cross in shadow falls,

The Spanish arms in moonlight gleaming,
Their banners o'er their white tents streaming,
Now, can they look on *this* and say,
'Enough for us to live to-day?'
Then see where yonder birds were hovering,
Their dusky wings our warriors covering,
The only pall Grenada gave
To those who died her all to save.
See now who tread among those slain?
Friends? though the aid of friends were vain,
Not e'en an enemy is there,
No drive the wolf-dog to his lair,
And rescue from a living grave
The proud, the noble, and the brave.
O Allah! thanks that I may look
Farther within thy secret book
Than each revolving day unfolds,
And read what fate the future holds."

Then turned he, and the taper's ray
 Fell not on locks now thin and gray ;
 And though the lines of thought were
 traced,
 Age on his brow no signet placed ;
 In his full veins the tide was rushing
 From a strong heart in fullness gushing ;
 And Osmail's form a model seemed
 Of what the ancient sculptors dreamed.
 No prouder name than his was placed
 'Mid those who chivalry had graced,
 His lance the foremost in the field,
 His banner last the ground to yield.
 In peace no gentler look was bent
 On those whose breasts misfortune rent,
 And the dark eyes of ladies fair
 In glances said " is Osmail there ?"
 Yet oft apart from all he drew,
 And none his cause of absence knew,
 None deemed that he, the young, the
 gay,
 The wand of power could freely sway ;
 That he from glance of maiden's eye
 To this lone tower would gladly hie,
 And read the cabalistic lore
 That erst such wondrous influence bore.

One shuddering glance toward the plain
 Where lay in heaps the unburied slain,
 One look upon the bannered host
 Gathered from every Christian coast,
 Then with full heart he turned his gaze
 Where the bright heavens their glories
 raise ;
 " O Allah ! earth reveals the fate
 That must full soon on all await ;
 No need of a prophetic eye,
 For blood, and fire, and chains are nigh.
 But now has come the fearful hour
 When I would prove that higher power,
 And read in yonder starry heaven
 Events to future ages given."

Upward was fixed his anxious view,
 And long he mystic traces drew,
 Then—glared from hell such burning
 light,
 Or beamed it from some spirit bright ?
 That page the flickering lamp scarce
 showed,

With meteor brightness fiercely glowed,
 Scarce Osmail's eye could brook the sight
 Of the dread future clothed in light.
 To black despair that heart was given
 Which long in agony had striven ;
 For Osmail saw the coming woes
 In deepest night round Moslem close.
 He saw Grenada's dreaded fall,
 The cross upon her bloody wall,
 Then came long years of pain and an-
 guish,
 When reft of hope the faithful languish,
 Slaves on the self-same holy soil
 Their sires had won with blood and toil.
 O God ! now gleams the baleful fire
 Lit up by priests' accursed ire,
 Grenada's sons to dungeons driven,
 No more behold the light of heaven,
 Her daughters weep their kindred's fall,
 Yet wish it were the lot of all.
 The feeble remnants that remain,
 Hunted from every verdant plain,
 Find in the mountain's deepest caves
 Destruction's banner o'er them waves.
 They're past—no more in silver light
 Shall crescent gleam on Vega bright,
 His last sad glance the Moor has taken,
 The dearest spot on earth forsaken.

Still Osmail looked with burning hate
 For vengeance which on Spain should
 wait ;
 But wider yet her banner flew ;
 A new world bursts upon her view,
 Where bleeding hearts in millions told
 The Spaniard's cruel thirst of gold.
 Cortez he saw with scornful pride,
 Exulting o'er an empire ride ;
 Pizarro in a lordly hall,
 While at his feet its princes fall ;
 The meanest, vilest Christian slave
 Higher than those who sceptres wave.
 Still, still in distant east and west
 Fortune seemed bound to Spain's behest,
 Gonsalvo's arms with glory crowned,
 And vict'ry to his chariot bound,
 Till Spain the highest place had gained,
 Before scarce 'mid the nations named. .
 O blanched was Osmail's lip of pride,
 Gone was that firm and haughty stride,
 E'en in despair with hatred burning,

See him from that bright pageant turning,
When lo! a maiden's plaintive wail
Is borne upon the midnight gale.

"They are gone, they are gone; the light
of to-morrow
Will dawn on Grenada in sadness and
gloom,
But alas who can know the depth of my
sorrow,
The last whom I loved is now sunk in
the tomb.

My brother! in hope but this morning we
parted,
Thine eye was unquenched, and thy
step it was firm,
Though the unbidden tear from its recess
was started,
I dreamed not but thou wouldst in glo-
ry return.

And O, though I feared, yet the thought
of thy dying,
My Hamet, scarce entered one moment
my breast,
But I saw o'er the plain thy comrades
were flying,
And thy undaunted valor it told me the
rest.

The cold damps of death on your fore-
heads are resting,
As on the red ground together ye lie,
Around you a part of that tide ye were
breasting,
For ye cared not to live and ye feared
not to die.

O Allah, give ear to the prayer that is
swelling
From a heart in its anguish now ceas-
ing to beat,
Let a full tide of woe thy red vengeance
telling,
Age after age on our enemies sweep."

O how did Osmail's throbbing breast
Second the maiden's last request;
Lo! as in answer to the prayer,
Changed was the gorgeous vision there.
It seemed as when in beauty's guise

The wasted bones from charnel rise,
The flowing robe, the life-like air,
All that is outward passing fair,
But of the thin disguise bereft,
Nothing save loathsome death is left.
The portents of that coming fate,
Might satisfy a Moslem's hate,
And Osmail gloated on the sight
Of Spanish glory sunk in night.
Back from each conquest she had made,
In their own blood her soldiers wade,
The riches that her coffers preat
Are turned to canker in her breast,
Or wasted with her blood in toils,
Where others reaped the victor's spoils.
Her people once so free and proud,
Now to the papal crosier bowed,
The light on other nations breaking.
Seems more and more her land forsaking,
Religion, science, freedom, law,
Their last faint glim'ring rays withdraw,
Or gleam with a malignant light,
Worse than the deepest gloom of night.
The pageant ceased; nor more the spell
Could of the distant future tell.
"Enough! enough!" was Osmail's cry,
"Avenged, I care not now to die.
Nobly within these ruined walls
We'll battle till Grenada falls;
And never shall our fated state
In suppliant guise on Spaniard wait—
With our own swords we'll dig her grave,
When these no more have power to save."
But hark! beyond the castle walls
Grenada's trump on Osmail calls;
No more with its exulting pride
That sound shall Christian hosts deride;
No more shall call to warlike deed,
Declare no more the victor's meed.
In sadness Osmail heard the blast,
For well he knew it was the last;
Yet following at the herald's call,
Full soon he reached Alhambra's hall.
O where was now that lordly crowd—
Where was the welcome clear and loud,
The greeting, such as chieftains give?
Alas! but few, how few now live!
Around he glanced on visage pale—
He listened to the stifled wail;
"What do we here," was Osmail's cry,

"Have ye resolved to do or die?
 Say, does the blood of brothers slain
 Quicken afresh each throbbing vein?
 Feel ye that now it rests on you,
 Weak though ye be, a wasted few,
 Vengeance for fallen sons to take,
 And your own hate in blood to slake?
 Needs there my voice to fire your zeal
 For glory and your country's weal?"

None answered; and with downcast look
 Not one would Osmail's fire glance brook.
 Then as in death there burst from all,
 "Allah has willed Grenada's fall!
 Long have we with the Christian striven,
 Our blood and treasure freely given;
 But who can stop the swelling tide
 Of Ocean in his power and pride?
 Who the red lightning can restrain?
 Who cap the mountain's bursting flame?
 As well do this, as save the name
 The fates have doomed to woe and shame.
 Osmail, seek thou the Spaniard's tent—
 Tell him thy king by thee has sent
 To own him as his sovereign lord—
 Add thou each well befitting word."

"And think ye me a recreant knave,
 Or take me for a coward slave?
 By Allah, no! my knee ne'er bends,
 Nor e'er by me Grenada sends
 Submission to our haughty foe:
 Better to drink the dregs of woe—
 Better that on us now should fall
 The dome of this ancestral hall.
 Deem ye their hearts in danger feared,
 Who this proud palace for us reared?
 What! dare ye with their ghosts around,
 To yield this spot of sacred ground?
 Think on that superhuman power,
 That instant may our foemen cower;
 Think on the strength of desperate men,
 O, for your country strike again."

Silent they sat all sad and stern,
 Hopeless and to their purpose firm.
 As well the maiden's breath might melt
 The frosts by hoary Atlas felt,
 As man, with words of empty air,
 Rouse from this utter, black despair.

This Osmail saw—"I go," said he,
 "I go, as I have lived, the free;
 My message to the Spaniard given
 Shall be my lance through corslet driven.
 The only words that I shall bring,
 My falchion on his helm shall ring.
 Seek other messengers to bear
 The diadem your king should wear;
 Others to say we e'er shall yield,
 Except in death on battle field.
 Yet know, in vain ye turn aside
 A moment more the sweeping tide,
 'Twill come at last with deadlier power,
 Nor wilt avail ye meanly cower.
 Ye have your choice, your loved to mourn,
 From your fond bosoms fiercely torn;
 Ye have your choice, to waste away
 By slow and torturing decay;
 Yes, ye may choose to die like slaves,—
 Or fill up honored, patriot graves."

He turned, and soon was heard the sound
 Of charger speeding o'er the ground.
 Grenada's gates were open thrown,
 The draw-bridge fell with clanging tone,
 But onward, onward, still he flew,
 And never bridle rein he drew—
 Onward, but lo! yon serried band
 By Zenel's banks call loudly, stand!
 The moon's pale light around is stream-
 ing,
 On polished helm and breastplate gleam-
 ing;
 He marks the foremost foeman's breast,
 His lance is settled in its rest—
 A moment, and with spouting gore
 That foeman to the ground he bore.
 Then gleamed aloft his falchion bright,
 Then closed around the deadly fight;
 He shunned not one of thousand blows,
 And fiercer from each wound arose;
 While round him slaughtered foemen lie,
 Deathless his hate, he scarce could die.
 At length he fell—yet e'en in death
 Not 'neath his foes sped Osmail's breath;
 For Zenel's darkly flowing tide
 Closed o'er the warrior of her pride.

H.

DULL PAPERS FROM THE DULL PORTFOLIO OF A DULL MAN.

No. 1.

ON THE READING OF BOOKS.

THERE is not a more miserable habit among young men, than that of reading many books. There is often a vanity on this subject, and persons will forego the real treasures of a worthy volume for the foolish distinction of knowing many books by name.

If the true object of reading were to see how many pages, no matter as to the quality, a man could run over in so many hours, perhaps it would be well to give up all thought in the *making* of books, since in this way such readers might find themselves relieved of a burden. Thought, with such, is merely secondary, or of no account; and its presence might occasion them, in their hurry, sometimes a serious inconvenience.

We are of opinion, now, that there is a much higher object to be gained in the reading of books, than any acquaintance with their prefaces and title-pages. There is a method, as we think, whereby the mind is fed; where what is read becomes, by an assimilating process, ours; and we are made to feel that each successive book that passes our hands has perhaps blessed us—blessed us by opening new ranges of thought, giving us glimpses of fair fields of truth hitherto unknown to us, and setting us higher in the scale of being. There is a *pleasure* in such reading, that which does not debase while it gratifies, and we feel ourselves won away by it from the coarser allurements of life.

We think a man should read a book with some feeling of responsibility. Why it is that responsibility should be attached to other equally unimportant (so esteemed) acts, and yet there be none here, we cannot understand. If the *results* of an act were the test of its quality, we know of few things that would sooner rise into importance, than the way in which men think best to run through a volume. Here is that which is forming the soul! This stream, which is running through the mind, will either wear into it, or it will deposit something in its course! It *cannot* leave the mind in the condition in which it finds it! Now if this is so, ought not a man to feel he is doing something else than just "giving time a shove," when he reads a book? Would not such a feeling, truly pervading the mind, have some beneficial influence on our *choice* of books? Would it not, if held as a truth, sweep a mighty current of trash from the shelves of booksellers, and leave us a little more of that which smacks of the "wells of English undefiled?"

If there is a truth which ought to be written on the right palm of every man, it is that much reading does not consist in the *number* of books read, but rather in the *amount of labor* bestowed on books. We will venture to say that the greatest readers have not been those who have been over the most ground. A great reader is one who reads to the most purpose what he reads. He travels over as much ground as possible, yet no farther or faster than he can safely pick his way.

The way to read a book, is to read it as you would write it, with the mind at its highest tension. We know there are those who hold a different doctrine, yet they are of that large class who neither know the value of a book nor the proper design of one. With them, a book is to be read in a quiescent state, partly approaching to torpidity, and knowledge, in their view, is something that is to fall softly upon the mind and the affections, as the rain falls on and is drunk up by the quiescent earth. They would gain knowledge as we gain sweet sounds, by letting the ear lie open to them, the mind meanwhile in a sort of delightful equipoise, noting the pulsations on the drum of the hearing organ. Of this class are all those who from time to time have regaled the literary world, with essays on the best method of perusing books, at the least expense of time and physical comfort. We are told of the luxury of lolling on a sofa of an afternoon, reading a good book, and that by one of our first writers;* as if that which is to store the mind with rich materials, invigorate its powers, and set a man on that upward active course which is to be perfected in another state, was a thing of no more importance than the gratification of the meanest of our physical appetites! We wonder if such men ever dream that the life we live is for some other end than the perfecting of our merely *animal* nature.

One volume thoroughly mastered, will furnish the mind with more available intellectual wealth, than will fifty read without reflection. Let a man choose his books as he would choose a friend, not for the glitter about them, but for their real worth. In this way will he be *prepared*, at least, to derive some benefit from their acquaintance. And perhaps as he in his solitary hours seeks, and seeks earnestly, for that which truly feeds him, he may find a pleasure stealing through his heart as much more exquisite than the pleasures of light reading, as is a vein of pure gold preferable to its counterfeit, or a strain of sweet music to an overture on a tin kettle.

B.

* Irving.

THE HONEY-SUCKLE AND WATER-DROP.

Honey-suckle.

'Tis sweet at the dawn
Of a bright summer's morn,
To catch the first glance of the glimmering day,
And with it the view
In the far distant blue,
Of those faint little orbs that then flicker away.

Water-drop.

'Tis joyous to soar
'Mid the cataract's roar,
And mount far away to my thunder-cloud home,
And view, as I go,
On the earth far below,
Dame Night as she sits on her old ebon throne.

Honey-suckle.

Ah! sweet is the view,
When the sparkling dew
Is gemmed with the rays of the coral light,
And the sun rides high
On the azure sky,
While the clouds flee away on the wings of the night!

Water-drop.

How joyous to roam
'Mid the sea's white foam,
And hie far away on the storm-howling main,
Where the dark heaving ocean
Is flung in commotion,
And the wild tempests ride on the fierce hurricane! —?

THE SAILOR'S CAROL.

I sailed upon the ocean

While yet in youth's bright glow;
'Twas a wild—a boyish notion
That prompted me to go.
I longed to see the world,
I left my friends and home,
With Fortune's fickle banner spread,
In other lands to roam.

I've sailed upon the ocean,
Cooled by the gentle breeze,
And oh, what glad emotion
Did my young bosom seize.

That zephyr spoke of days,
When, by the gushing rill,
It fanned the loved ones of my heart—
It fans those loved ones still.

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I've sailed upon the ocean,

When waves with foam-crowned heads
Were tossed in wild commotion
Up from their coral beds.
That was a fearful hour—
Tears and distress were there,
We knelt, our stubborn hearts were bow'd
In agonizing prayer.

I've sailed upon the ocean
For many a rolling year;
I love its giddy motion—
I'll live my life out here.

I love the roaring surge,
I love the rippling wave—
The sea has been my happy home,
The sea shall be my grave!

3

Y. N. Y.

Ensl.

SHYLOCK.

"Thy currish spirit
 Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
 Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous."

Merchant of Venice.

Most admirers of Shakspeare are captivated with the thread of thrilling incident woven in every story. They forget the savage legend and the fireside tale possesses still more of that they laud, and which, though useful in its sphere, calls for the exercise of a power only handmaid to the noblest faculties of mind. Others are dazzled and enchanted with those gems of thought, the pebbles in his universe, whence they are gathered by every author to add lustre and value to his own creations. These do indeed bear witness to a might of intellect, and are worthy contemplation—yet that a perfect delineation of human character in its nicest shades, is the bard's chief excellence, all allow.

While the general voice styles him the mirror where nature may behold herself reflected, to examine the foundation for this title is of inestimable value to the student. His daily observation and judgment are called into exercise, while comparing this portrait of the soul with its original—above all, the hidden machinery of mind and heart, are laid open, their powers investigated, and the learner thus taught to govern earth's noblest. In the scrutiny, we should first strive to discover the author's idea, and notice how well he has succeeded in depicting it ; then may we decide whether the design conform to truth.

For such reasons, and in such a manner, would we investigate not Shakspeare's noblest character, not the unearthly form of of his wild imaginings ; but one in which he treats of life, wanders amid the busy hum of men, and becomes a partner in their daily dealings.

The Jew at Venice is no Prospero calling the spirits of air and sea to do his bidding, and by magic working revenge ; nor crazed Hamlet haunted by a father's ghost, and reasoning meanwhile with angel eloquence on the mighty future ; but a frail mortal, possessing only his fellow's strength, subject to human statutes, and beholding that which is to be, with the erring vision of a clay-clad soul. Hence this character is more easily estimated. We need not soar where Avon's bard floated to judge his power of wing, but we treat of one like in passions to ourselves, and have but to look in, and around to find the model.

Shakspeare's idea of Shylock may not better be described than as

"The wretch concentrated all in self."

He knew no god but his own advantage ; and its natural attendants, avarice, cowardice, and cruelty, held undisputed sway over his soul.

Educated in the creed of Israel, he cherished it not as a solace in sorrow, a hope of immortal joy, but rather that the Talmud permitted him to take usury, and wrong at will his neighbor. Does he exclaim,

"I hate him, for he is a Christian,"—

the next sentence declares the hidden reason, and shows the former but a pretext with which to soothe an half-seared conscience ;

"But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance her with us in Venice."

He could praise the counsellor who seemed to forward his nefarious scheme, and cry

"A Daniel come to judgment !"

before a Nazarene. No trust in his father's faith prompted the bitter prayer,

"Would any of the stock of Barabbus
Had been here, husband, rather than a Christian ;"

but the thought, 'I shall never see my gold again ;' and at last he showed the mockery of his professions, by abjuring his supposed eternal right to an heavenly mansion, for a moment's longer tarry in his earthly tabernacle, and a still more feeble hold on its fleeting treasures. Belief in Judaism, to which he was born and nurtured, he made priest at the dark shrine of self, blessing with an holy hand the ever smoking incense of his heart, and, when no longer of advantage to the idol, unhesitatingly sacrificed her on the altar she had consecrated.

His love for wealth was but another stream from the ever welling fountain of self-affection. He was not possessed by the lunacy of one hoarding treasure merely for its glitter, envious that the light of heaven should view it with himself, and so enchanted as for its sake to bear the scorn of man, wrap himself in shreds, and finally, unpitied, to die for lack of food, in his last gasp, breathing a sigh, that he must leave his gold. Shylock erred not, when he declared wealth,

—"the prop
That doth sustain my house,—
——the means whereby I live."

He gathered it as the most acceptable sacrifice to the divinity he adored, that which could satisfy every earthly wish, which was the strength of mortal power, the glory of worldly honor. He mourned its loss only when that loss brought him no profit, and gladly made it an instrument to gratify his ruling passion, or take vengeance on a foe. Freely did he pour it forth, when it might answer his own selfish, and because purely selfish, necessarily hellish motives.

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ;—I would have my bond."

Cowardice is another prominent and natural trait in this character. His own confession acknowledges that "with a patient shrug" he bore the insults of Antonio, was spit upon, and yet returned it not. Was it the long sufferance of the truly great—that conqueror of self, who would bear all ignominy rather than blood should stain his hand? Had the godlike maxims of the Galilean influenced even the Israelite by their purity and truth? The sequel answers—secretly the venom worked. He dared not boldly to return the blow, nor even in the midnight gloom to wield the assassin's brand, but entrenched behind the arm of law, he would torture the bound victim, and glut his cruelty where resistance was not dreaded. Many esteem his lofty bearing in the court as courage, and wonder at his dauntless spirit. Such is the courage of the tyrant, taunting a rack-torn foe; the howling courage of the wolf, tearing the prey sinking amid the quicksand; the courage of the vulture, gorging on the carcass staining some battle-field. When entangled in the snare set for another, his tone of triumph changed; no longer he declared himself 'not bound to please with answers,' but afraid to use the whetted knife with scarce half the courage of a thievish cur, to the demand of the two things he hated most, only answered,

"I am content,"

and, in the voice of a sick child begged,

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well."

Thus Shakspeare here intended to paint a man of noble intellect, chaining his powers within the narrow cell of self, where, chafed and weakened through lack of room, they at last worked their own destruction. He was ever true to this model amid all the varied scenes in which he placed this being of his fancy. Driving a bargain on the Rialto, mourning a daughter's flight worse than her death, since she might then have carried nothing with her, triumphing in the torture of an enemy, or himself

writhing in agony, Shylock was ever the same, his own good the beginning and end of his desires. How strange the contrast with simple minded, honest Antonio, that other Nicodemus knowing no guile, loving his neighbor as himself, ready to relieve from the spoiler's grasp "the many that at times made moan to him," and only grieved his friend could doubt his willingness to the last farthing. Well did he show his love, and for another gladly gave his life. Humility, untainted by a fear, marked all his acts. He would rebuke the Jew when seeking money from him, and boldly bid him lead as to an enemy. When the hour of dissolution was at hand, he shrunk not, like the craven Hebrew, but boldly met his fate, consoling those who should have been his comforters, in the mild sentence—

"I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Metest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me !"

and to the last 'fare you well,' he gave the man for whom he was to die, he added,

"Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you."

Few bear on earth the seraph spirit of Antonio. His were the virtues of the heart, and while his intellect might in comparison seem but a little gem, it was so very pure as to be far more in value than the earth-stained jewel of a double size.

Shylock had no friends. In Tubal he found a brother extortioner, and therefore yoked with him. It was but the connexion of the robber with his mates; each knew the other a villain whom he dared not trust, and yet with whom he might not differ.

The golden link, binding man to man in mutual love, his heart had never felt. Even the relic of a departed wife, could scarce call a spark of humanity from his flinty bosom, and in an instant, all was cold and dark.

While Shakspeare has thus accurately portrayed the man, whose affections never left the bounds of his own soul, we have too high opinions of humanity to believe nature afforded the perfect model. The brutes of the forest forget not their offspring, the bear will die for her young, and the wolf nurses her cubs, the birds of the air pluck their own breasts to warm their nestlings, but the Hebrew did so treat the gentle Jessica, as to force his "own flesh and blood to rebel," declare "our house is hell," and confess herself ashamed to be "my father's child." Had the daughter been as him to whom she owed her being, we might not so much wonder at the hatred, but she lived not for herself: her heart had a tendril for every object where it could cling, and it would seem that Shylock might have cherished one who would

not thwart a single selfish wish, who could have gladdened many a dark hour by her sweet smiles, and whom God in nature bade him love. Many there are born blind, or deaf, or dumb, many "sent into this breathing world, scarce half made up," and we consider them as human, but we shall never find one, bearing the shape of man, without an heart diffusing living liquid through the frame. So it is with the soul. Like the fabled Centaur, or Satan's daughter,

"Who seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold."

the poet has here painted an embodied passion, to the understanding of a man, adding the spirit of a fiend.

Much less is this an accurate delineation of the Jew. Israel has ever been a peculiar people, trampled upon, yet never destroyed; scattered, yet never lost; retaining their tenets amid civilization and barbarism; by all despised, and despising all. Like a shivered loadstone, each portion possesses the properties of the mass, and readily re-unites when brought in contact with a fellow part. Yet though the Hebrew acknowledge "sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," he looks with contempt upon every other race. The nations of the earth owe their origin to the decay of others which arose long after *his* attained renown. Europe's proudest titles are but the legacies of savage chieftains, or the gift of mortal monarch. Through a line of kings anointed by the Most High, he traces his ancestry to the friend of God. His language is no barbarian dialect, but for ages changeless, is that angels used when they conversed with men. Human laws are but a transcript of the code engraven for him by the finger of Omniscience. Other creeds have their foundation in folly, their increase in superstition; his is a direct revelation from heaven, teaching man's duties and relations. Other altars smoke to fabled deities, or senseless stocks; his to the Unseen, yet Eternal, to that I AM "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands," through whom, and by whom, and in whom, are all things. Though united to the Christian by a mutual belief, and a common scripture, he still cherishes deadly hatred towards one who would take away that he holds as a birthright, who would place Jew and Gentile under the same condemnation, and offer to all an equally free, and equally rich inheritance.

While the Israelite would slay his child rather than he should become a "Nazarene," still does he dearly prize the domestic ties. The descendants of Jacob and David forget not their offspring, and weep the loss of those they love bitterly as the aged patriarch, or the monarch minstrel. In these particulars, the seed of Abraham is far better portrayed by "Isaac of York," than the Jew at

Venice. The former freely expended at home the money wrested from the unbeliever, and granted a daughter her every wish; the latter neither loved nor hated as a Jew. Neither have the disciples of Jesus hesitated to treat as a foe, those who crucified their Lord. Fancy has joined alliance with falsehood to increase this mutual enmity, and the story of Christian blood mingling in the dark rites of Judaism, has not yet lost credence. Shakspeare lived when this feeling was at its height. Scarce half a century before, the prudent Ferdinand and the kind Isabella had expelled from their dominions one hundred and sixty thousand of their ablest subjects, thus inflicting a blow on the prosperity of the state from which she has never recovered, and concerning the cause of which their late historian ably remarks, "we need look no further for the principle of action in this case, than the spirit of religious bigotry, which led to a similar expulsion of the Jews from England, France, and other parts of Europe, as well as from Portugal, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, a few years later."

It was on account of this universal detestation of the Hebrews, that the poet classed Shylock with them. He strove to form a being, in whose destruction all would find delight. He knew the human heart retained one chord, unbroken by the fall, which would vibrate in joy at the overthrow of villainy. Had he added foolishness to guilt, ignorance would have been pitied, and crime forgotten. Had Shylock loved a fellow, sympathy would have concealed many a fault. Had his been a daring spirit, courage would have dazzled, and other failings freely been forgiven. Solely selfish in his feelings and his acts, men find no connecting link between themselves and one who wants not a companion. They shudder to see his meshes twining around the innocent, when at a touch, the just fastening bonds sever, and exulting, they behold the victim freed, and justice righted.

Admirably is the whole play calculated to arouse the feelings, without exciting those unholy passions for which tragedy is so often blamed. The number and affection of his friends, causes us at first, to look with favor on Antonio, and as we find him sacrificing self, we also love. Our heart abhors, and must need hate the narrow minded Shylock, at once Jew, miser, hypocrite, and villain. The interludes at Belmont rest and please the mind, while the assertion of servant and child still more increases our previous prejudice. We joy to see the lovely Jessica wrested from a brute, and cherished by one who can prize her worth. Next, Bassanio's fortune, Lorenzo's happiness, and Antonio's losses, cause us to vary as the Hebrew, until, the scheme unfolding, we feel the interest of a party in the cause, and wonder if the youthful judge (whose character we know) can convict her husband's friend, or

think "to soften" that (than which what's harder?) "a Jewish heart." When Portia triumphs, and the craven falters, we could with Gratiano, taunt and throw his answers back into his shrinking face. And at the close, how does the playful teasing of the brides, with the glad news that all is safe, delight and satisfy. In common language, "it ends well."

Nor is the play wanting in those bursts of genius for which its author is distinguished. Portia's acceptance of Antonio, her apostrophe on mercy, the thoughts Lorenzo breathed, when lying on the bank where moonlight slept, he told his love

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings."

are but single examples of those isles, living with beauty, which stud the reader's course.

Whether or no Shakspeare here intended to enforce a moral, cannot be determined; but as each event in life has its lesson, profiting him who learns, so here a precept speaks from every page, bidding man be upright and true, if he wishes to prosper, or in the hour of trouble to be sustained by the soothing touch of sympathy.

MARIUS IN CARTHAGINIS RUINIS.

CARTHAGO deleta erat; et nunc mœnia celsa
Fortunâ imperii Romanii strata jacebant;
Nec regina Deum atque Jovis conjuxque sororque,
Juno, suum populum, dextram jam fulminis irâ
Armata, excidio et turres servaverat altas.
Quis verò intentis oculis vestigia claræ
Igni vastata et ferro circumspicit urbis;
Dirutasque hominum manibus celsas stupet arces
Exitio immiti magis ævo irâve Deorum?
Fallor? an hic Marius longè expulsus patriâ exsul?
Nil fallor; Marius sexto perfunctus honore
Consulis, inditum erat cui nomen conditor urbis
Tertius æternæ, fortunâ nunc inimicâ,
Per varios cursus maris has pervenit in oras
Atque adiit quâ olim Tyria urbs et mœnia Elisæ.
Hic tacitus tristisque diu stat pectore mœsto
Sed demum erumpit dolor et jam talia fatur:
Hæc Carthago superba; domusque hæc regia Didôs;
Atque hæc reliquiæ belli et Martis furiosi,
Obruta tot tantisque ruinis æmula Romæ.
Egregiè tamen, egregiè virtuteque summâ
De imperio certavit ei quæ præsidet orbi

Qualis ubi semel atque iterum victus gladiator
 Corpore non animo, stimulat cujus dolor acer
 Mentem altam memorem casus additque furorem,
 Ardet ab integro magna instaurare pericla,
 Dedecora ardet honoribus occultare priora
 Præclarè seu vincere sive paratus obire ;
 Hæcque animo secum volvens pugnamque lacescens
 Certamen durum nimis et letum invenit unâ,
 Sanguine purpureoque infelix tingit arenam ;
 Talis ab urbe bis infensâ Carthago subacta,
 Fracto pene animo, jam tandem restitit atrox ;
 Acriter at frustra pugnavit ; sic peritura,
 Et cladem celeram in sese illaturaque diram,
 Sicut in immotos scopulos sese æquora frangunt.
 Namque pati geminos soles cælum nequit unum,
 Nec rexere duæ splendentia sidera lunæ ;
 Solaque lumen eris tu, patria, gentibus almum,
 Eripiet sæclum neque lucem quam dabis ullum,
 Inque ævum mundo toto dominaberis omne,
 Nec regio ulla tuum imperium excutiet neque tempus.
 Sed mihi, qui hostiles pópulos domui tibi multos,
 A Româ procul in terras errare coacto
 Ne licet hac quidem in urbe pedes requiescere fessos,
 Neve astare ruinas Byrsæ, haud dispare fato ;
 Fortunæ nostrum viguère ambo et ceciderunt :
 Posthac dissimiles. Nunquam Carthago resurget :
 Ast ut ubi agminibus nigrantes æthera densis
 Obscurant nitidum mimbi, cæcasque tenebras
 Offundunt terris tempestatemque sonoram
 Erumpit subito nebulasque abigit fugientes,
 Atque polum radiis sol lucidioribus implet ;
 Sic Marius pulsus patriâ patriam remeabit ;
 Atque feret cunctisque metum clademque inimicis.
 Dixerat avertitque et, Sidoniâ urbe relictâ,
 Longinquas tardo regiones jam pede quærit.

FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

—I know not how it is,—but she is like
 An image that does come to me in dreams,—
 And whisper sweet words, in my sleeping ear,—
 And steal my heart—softly, and *so surely*,
 That in my morning matins, the wonder
 That doth prey upon me, is—my heart
 Is still my own!—

THE MIRROR,

OR

TABLETS OF AN IDLE MAN.*

PART FIRST.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirke to Johnie Groat's;
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:
 A Chield's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!

*Burns.**Tom Brainard, Brighton.*

TURN back far enough, reader, and you will find inscribed upon the Tontine register, with a careful hand, the above name and place. I had come to—college. I was a new creature.

The bustle and the jar of this great caravansary, how unlike the little bar-room of our Brighton tavern! where have I sat many a time when a boy, and watched the great glittering sign of 'the Eagle,' swinging to and fro upon its gallows frame. But the recollection of our portly landlord, and his little wooden bench without the door, and the pipe stumps carefully cleaned and laid away above the lintel—I would not bring to mind.

I had gone out from the home of my father's, and in my native kindness could not but pity the simple and unpretending ignorance I had left behind me. [Alas! *now* I can smile at the folly which I then thought my wisdom!] Back and forth I strode with an air of conscious pride, already anticipating the elation of spirit which I should soon realize when fairly immured within those scholastic walls. Stirred by the crowd of busy present and prospective pleasures, which thronged upon my mind, I could scarce contemplate with any degree of calmness, the novelty and the *reality* of my situation. Friends of my youth I had left, and had they now appeared before me, I doubt whether I could have relished their society, so enthralled was I by the strange emotions which lifted my mind into an ideal sphere.

* We give in full, the note accompanying: "Messrs. Editors,—I purpose giving in the proposed series of papers, of which two are laid before you, a history of my short-sighted experience, while in this University. If they may meet with your favor, please suffer me to continue an anonymous correspondence with you, since an acknowledged authorship might throw some suspicions upon me of direct allusions in my portraits, which I would avoid, and in which allusions, I shall by no means indulge.

Yrs,

T. B."

Days passed, and I was a partaker of the duties—delightful duties enjoined upon me. Acquaintances had not yet been formed, save some few furniture and clothes venders, and they—how gentlemanly—how obliging! I felt really charmed by their politeness and respect to one so much a stranger. By degrees, however, their disinterestedness abated, for the customs of Brighton were those of the strictest economy, and the state of my funds, I found, notwithstanding my change of spirit, required a most rigid conformance with them.

Weeks passed on, and duties thickened on me; I thought of the trifling anxieties of home—of the watchful solicitude, and playful tenderness of friends, and the relapse came. Still I had too much pride to feel it, and I struggled on, though my heart sometimes quailed, and the tear started to my eye, when I felt the gross outrages of my elders in college life.

A keen sensibility had early marked me for her victim; my sympathies were strong, and I remember well the time when they first came upon me in their full force—yet when I was too young to have my views regarded;—rude hands were taking down the old paintings from my grandfather's room, and the clock ticked louder than ever, as if sorrowing at the bereavement; they all stood huddled together in the corner,—the high book-case frowned from its dark pannels upon the despoilers, and scowled at the sacrilege; and my heart was gladdened in me, as I felt that they could not lessen its height. But alas! “for human wishes, and alas for pride!”—the next time I visited the old place, they had employed a carpenter to transfer its stateliness into the prim coxcombrity of a fashionable cabinet! and my heart bled at its mishap! For its dark panels, was substituted ‘patent crown glass,’ and the dusty folios, and old modest manuscripts of my grandfather shrunk and shivered in the glare of day.

No wonder, then, that my pride was not enough to sustain me in all the difficulties to be encountered by a college tyro. But there was something more than sensibility at work, to make me a laggard at my tasks; it was an utter lack of the appreciation, in me, of the high aims of education. Then, and for months following, did I study under the strange infatuation that my governors were endeavoring to wrest knowledge from me, and that I must as far as consistent with a decent appearance, endeavor to retain it. Strange that the infatuation is so general! I would not ask a question—I would not avail myself of a thousand means of improvement, for the simple reason that I never had realized (and never did till a late hour,) that I was studying for actual service to myself.

I may have been wrong, but I had no relish for any of the outward marks of attachment; hence I never had visited among the

friends of my youth, or those of later and riper years. I rarely corresponded; my most endearing epithets were cool; I asked no favors; I never complimented nor flattered. I was called an individual of no feelings—yet none throbbed deeper at the tale of suffering, or at the bitter recollection of a family—a nearly related family, in ruins. Oh! God! may be it is well I exhibited no outward tokens of sympathy, but *thou* knowest the heart.

Society—mixed, motley society, were it ever so correct, ever so enchanting, had no charms for me; (and to this may I attribute the salvation of what mind I possess;) I was never intoxicated in its delights. The softness, the allurements of female loveliness, my nature warned me to look upon as *glare*—springing not from the heart, but from fashion's tilling. Yet I loved social intercourse; none enjoyed a quiet circle of friends at my country home more than I, for I knew sincerity was there; had it been otherwise, had there been a shadow of a doubt, suspicion would have played the truant with my joys, and I been unhappy.

[I am compelled to be egotistical, but this you must tolerate in me, for from the nature of my journal, it will be extremely difficult to alter so materially the phraseology, as to give myself the rank of third person.]

I am by nature little communicative, and when interested, an extreme diffidence renders it difficult for me to utter a syllable. Still as I bring my acquaintances forward, those by no means lacking in communicativeness, I hope our conversations may not appear tedious, though they will doubtless seem *very strange* in print.

You will ask, 'what has induced one so unsocial by nature, to unburden himself at length, in this labored and clandestine way?' I answer—it costs me but little labor to transcribe the reflections, and conversations, and incidents recorded on my tablets, to the copy sheet; and I do this clandestinely, as it were, that I may not be tortured with malicious abuse, or flattered by inconsiderate friends, but with a resolution which I possess to a marvellous extent, mingle with my critics, and

"If I find the general vogue
Pronounces me a stupid rogue,
Damns all my thoughts, as low and little,—
Lie still, and swallow down my spittle."

Swift gives this advice, and I think I can act more in conformance with the spirit of it, than ever did the Dean himself.

These opening pages, you will of course expect to be, as far as others are concerned, founded upon observation; but subsequent details, I shall hope to substantiate by actual experience.

I purpose to give no entire and succinct history of my character, but shall suffer it to break forth in my pages as I write. I may perhaps premise that I am not without some degree of taste, and have perhaps unduly valued my tact in looking into the human character, as presented in this miniature world of ours. I have perhaps as much genius as the generality of youth—perhaps a little more—but from my ignorance of many forms of the world, and fashions of society, and habits of those around me, the genius I have shines forth much the more conspicuously, and I am inclined to think, that by many, I am thought to have much more originality of mind, than I in reality possess.

But enough of this long digression ; return with me, reader, to where you saw me wincing under the piercing thrusts of my own sensibility.

I had come to college, notwithstanding my ignorance of its true worth—had come with a firm resolution to study steadily and vigorously ; my pride sustained the resolution for a time—nothing but pride, and pride broke in upon it, before I had passed a twelve-month. I could not bear a sneer or smile at my confusion, and my native diffidence soon presented me in any thing but a favorable light in the recitation room. Alas ! how I envied the confidence of some rough, hardy sons of New England, brought up in the tanglements and roughnesses of a country life—inured to every toil, and fearful of nothing. I could not equal them ; I therefore (I thought) wisely determined to place myself above them. Some were worthy, noble hearted fellows ; one, Fred. Thornton, I knew intimately, and he was as good a friend as I made in my college life. I shall have occasion to speak of him often.

But there were others, with a show of confidence and conceit, that absolutely disgusted me ; and yet, strange as it may seem, that very confidence was a means of their advancement and gain of that notice which they so fondly coveted. They thrust themselves in upon every thing—nothing that they did not know. In politics, literature, morals, they were already adepts ; and their opinions—of *how* much worth ! Jeffreys, not to say Johnsons ! But a mere glance will not serve ; I must let their actions show them in coming papers ; meantime, *requiescant in pace*.

My recitations, particularly in Greek and mathematics, dragged on, for now I was ashamed to dig ; but my tutor was a hard-faced man, and his cool impudence only provoked me to continued neglect. Still, as the worth of things before me expanded more fully in their analytical development, I was alive, in a great measure, to their usefulness ; but my pride had before this decided for ignorance, and pride had left a verdict against what my better judgment now saw fitting.

It was a rare condiment for fool hardness, to hear those unable to retain in their brains any appreciable degree of knowledge, declare study 'all d—d nonsense!'

I well remember how thoughtlessly I looked upon the opinions thus thrown out, in a manner of the utmost effrontery, as of real permanent value, and scrupled not to weigh them in the scale, not only with those of the governors of the institution, but with the decisions of the whole civilized world.

There must be that in the manner of instructors to counteract absurd notions, which spread like a contagion, in minds unfit to reason, or few can estimate their pernicious, fatal influences upon the first buddings of education.

Indeed, I am thoroughly convinced, from years of intercourse, that if tutors would but throw aside their accursed show of dignity, and be gentlemen for 'ance,' they would gain more friends, make more zealous students, and do more honor to their own characters.

Y—, my freshman tutor, was, I have before said, a hard-faced, sour man, exceedingly conscientious, without a tithe of knowledge of the world, and considerably less of human character. I remember my trembling, bashful diffidence when I rose before him to recite, and my words were almost strangled in my throat, through fear of his gross strictures. Nothing I so much dreaded as rebuke before my fellows, and many is the time I have stammered through a passage which I well knew, with my bounding heart almost choking my utterance, overawed alone by his (he thought) witty observations.

I never forgave him—never shall forgive him for many of his acts of calculating impudence. In fact, I attributed my growing repugnance to study, and energetic action, more to his manner and character, than to any thing beside.

Still, such are but their outcasts. Many a high-souled, noble-minded man has *endured* the dignity of tutorship, to say the least, with complacency. Such an one it has been my lot to enjoy for a twelvemonth of my college life. His generosity ever struggled with his conscience, and though the latter was always victorious, yet its conquests were ever attended with that affability and unaffected kindness which endeared him strongly to my heart.

Nothing proved quite so distressing to my extreme sensibility for a long time after my *entrée* upon college life, as the attentive observation to which my coat, my cap, my pantaloons, and the cut of my hair, were subjected. In short, I imagined that I was the chief object of attention, in every collection of the 'body collegiate.'

This misery was however dissipated, after some very severe shocks to my vanity; which came, I am inclined to think, in very good season, since the hallucination I observed continued to exist in those about me,—indeed, in some extreme cases, I never saw the notion of self-importance eradicated. Howbeit I looked with a good deal of complacency upon the errors I had escaped; and was content, with Burns, to refer them all to the agency of some mysterious being, whose favors I would, for my erring comrades, most devoutly supplicate:

“ O, wad some power the giftie gie them,
To see *themsels* as others see *them* !
It wad frae monie a blunder free *them*,
And foolish notion.”

Few months had passed by, when I met in one of the great commercial thoroughfares, an old acquaintance, Kate Morton—at the first sight, my mind ran back to school-boy days—to the old Brighton church—the corner pew—the little chinchilla hat, with its green ribbon in summer, and the crimson in winter; and not the hat only, but the face—flushed, dimpled, coquettish; she was the *'Squire's* daughter, and I ever had a propensity, since I was a boy, to reverence aristocracy; and never was it more fully displayed than in the yearning, sidelong looks I used to cast at the *'Squire's* pew.

But—those reflections, called up, as I have penned them, met a saddening reverse, when I met the Brighton belle—a member of the famed — boarding school.

“ How d’ye do, Mr. Brainard,” said she, mincing her words as if in an agony of utterance, and not deigning further acknowledgment,—for, she was admired—undone by society.—Oh! relentless fashion, how thou hurriest on thy votaries to the vortex of social ruin! Oh! Kate! misled, beguiled by the allurements of a shaming exterior—flattery devoured thee, and thou wert consumed. Simplicity yielded to conceit; a little world of selfishness, thou didst build about thee—thyself its god; a little world of fashion—thyself its fondest votary; a little world of friends—thyself its cynosure!

Oh, Kate! would that thou wert as in times gone by—so chaste, open, frank, kind, lovely. Alas! alas! how does human weakness make our life—a tale told by an idiot—

“ Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!”

I remember when we were both honest—when buoyant with the elasticity of our young hearts, we roved together, and gathered berries in the old wood that skirted her father’s grounds; and now—now naturalness has fled that supercilious air—that mock dignity—that studied step—that courting of admiration—I *scorn them all!*

I have observed among other foibles, an anxiety existing among a large class of individuals, to become distinguished for something—no matter what it may be. They try one thing, and failing of success, another. Thus, are they ever lost in pursuit of phantoms of no conceivable utility, and a curse to real dignity of character. Some are the fops, i. e. the gentlemen—*irritable genus*! and from attentive observations, I have remarked that such are fashionable in their exterior; a cane—an *a la mode* hat, and long hair, constitute their equipments. That long hair suggests a little whimsey, written, I believe, by Shenstone—

“ Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags! give place!
Full bottoms come instead:
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf’s head!”

Some are the politicians—*parum sapientes*—some the most expert card players; others have the largest lady acquaintance—astonishing ground for superiority! yet he who can touch his hat to half a dozen ladies in walking C—street, is, to say the least, one of the *élite*. ‘*Trahit sua quemque voluptas*.’

Others are metaphysicians, and it was really curious for me to observe with what acuteness they detected little flaws in a discourse, and loved to reason upon conceptions and fancies. I used to observe them from my humble seat, gazing with a fixedness of attention upon the venerable Dr. F—, in his famous trinity argument, till finally the brute preponderated, and sinking into a gentle sleep, they dreamed of reasonings—*a posteriori*.

Such loved? to read ‘Day on the Will,’ and discourse upon his differences with the logical Dr. T—, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of the most self-willed devotee of the *new school system*. Poor Drs. Wood and Dana—how they suffered! would that they might trace back some of their depravity to Adam, for surely they had enough laid at their door.

I must not omit to mention one, and there are many such, who, all blooming with hope, had entered this arena for improvement, with me; who was of an enthusiastic mind, and looked fondly forward to honor, and a name in life; who hoped to carve out for himself a place of distinction, grounding his desires upon improvement here. Such an one, pecuniary misfortune trampled on; his sensitiveness shrunk from asking aid, and he did not rise again.

I saw him afterward; mercantile affairs engrossed his attention—the mere mechanical drudgery of the counting-room; but this was not the idol of his heart. He pined for that which mortal arm could not give him. He spake to me of his old college haunts—he inquired after his comrades, and as he heard of them

one by one receiving the reward of intellectual toil, and mental strife, I saw a drop gathering in his eye, and turned away his thoughts.

“ Strongest minds are often those,
Of whom the busy world hears least,”

says Wordsworth ; and Beattie tells us—

“ Many a soul sublime
By Poverty’s unconquerable bar,
In life’s low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown !”

Both are *true*.

There was another whom I had known for years. Noble, high-minded, generous, he won the esteem of all. Of a calm, placid, ingenuous disposition, and an intellect of strength and energy, he faithfully subdued its capacities to the routine here presented for fulfillment. No vain ambition goaded him on ; he courted no ephemeral applause, but sought only to fit himself for future usefulness.

The world before him seemed to hold out no honored cup of pleasure for his enjoyment, but he studiously husbanded his resources for whatever might befall him in life. Friends smiled on his acquirements, and he may have striven for their satisfaction ; yes, when the ills of life were thronging on him, when his relaxed energies courted repose, their cheers may have incited—may have stung him with the consciousness that his vigor was wasting. Howbeit he battled with the weakness of the flesh, until it conquered him.

The strength of manhood, the flush and vigor of youth, strove beside him—how could he see his weakness?—how could he feel it ? The fire of his eye flashed on, as the tottering step betrayed him ; and only in the solitude of his chamber, would the mournful, oh ! thrice mournful truth flash upon him,—that he was consuming himself. Friends were not by, to see that languid smile, to hear those close respirations, else why—how those incitements to effort, which came ever and anon, like oil to the fire, raging at his vitals. The chill of collegiate authority, diffusing itself over him as over the wanton throng, grated harshly on his sensitive, diseased mind.

I can now tell the sequel of his story. He was successful in his every effort ; and while his cheek was flushed with the calm satisfaction of having pleased those who watched him with friendly solicitude, disease glowed there, at *its* triumph. And in a year, in a distant, secluded village, away from his home,—a few friends, endeared by his amiable character, followed him to the grave.

How few of the thronging, busy world know that one, who, had he lived, would have graved his name high on his country's annals, has passed away like the autumn leaf! What a leveller is Death!

"The star that glitters on the bier,
Can only say, Nobility lies here."

Kind reader, had you seen him, had you known him, the tear would glisten on your cheek, as you read his name,

Charles St. John Eldredge.

But time is passing, and time is more to me than it was when I was 'roguish Tom Brainard.' The clock ticks faster than it did in boyhood. I *know* the hours roll sooner round; I feel the months slipping under my feet. I lay my hand upon the new year, and welcome him with mirth. I change my date with all the enthusiasm I did when a boy; but while I smile in recurrence to past scenes, the year is old; and I weep as I sport with his silver locks, for I know he will soon be in his grave!

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

"When the morning stars sang together."

OH, 'tis a glorious, solemn sight,
When wandering forth at dead of night,
We view the vault of the cloudless sky,
And all the starry host on high,
And the slumbering earth and the rolling sea,
Beneath that glittering canopy.
'Twas such a scene that met my eye
As forth I went 'neath the evening sky:
The heavens above were veiled in white,
With a robe of pale and misty light;
And the stars from thrones of changeless blue,
Seemed looking down and gazing through.

'Tis said, that by each radiant star,
Wide as creation's glories are,
Honor and praise are nightly given
To Him who kindled those lamps of heaven,
As the morning stars once swelled abroad
The praise of their Creator God;
And the new-born earth to the joyful sky,
Echoed the heavenly minstrelsy.

I listened to catch the melodious strains,
That rolled along the ethereal plains;
For those bright orbs seemed marching by,
Moved by celestial harmony.
When sudden that veil was rolled away,—
Each star shot forth a brighter ray,—
And Silence hushed the whispering breeze,
And brooded o'er the dark blue seas;
Voiceless was now the murmuring rill,
The thousand forest leaves were still,
And Nature, silent, waiting stood
In presence of all nature's God.

When lo, a sweet seraphic strain,
From the farthest rank of that heavenly train,
First faintly low,—then softly clear,—
Came swelling richly on the ear.
For a gentle, mildly-beaming star,
That shot its radiance from afar,
Had thus the heavenly song begun,—
“Glory and praise to the Holy One.”
And a fiery star from his sky-built throne,
Flaming with zenith splendors down,
Answered with full majestic tone—
“Glory and praise to the Holy One.”
While all the glittering hosts above,
That on in bright procession move,
Far as the thrilling accents ran,
The anthem of the skies began,
And rolled around the Eternal Throne—
“Glory and praise to the Holy One.”

They ceased,—the voice of praise was still,
Save from the distant echoing hill,—
Back to its native skies was given
The softened melody of Heaven.
Silence returned ;—nor beast, nor bird,
From their deep and Heaven-charmed melody stirred ;
Obedient to its Maker's will,
Earth's thousand voices all were still ;
And a holy calm in the breathing air
Silently taught me that God was there.

But now the tuneful skies again,
Awoke their glad melodious strain :
Soft murmurs rose from the distant west,
Like the hymn of infant spirits blest ;
The east, with its bright and glittering throng,
Echoed a clearer and louder song ;
It rolled along the northern sky,
In sounds of glorious majesty ;

It floated by on the gliding breeze,
And died away o'er the southern seas ;—
And I listened to catch the parting lay
Of that sweet but dying melody.

The music of earth I have ever loved,
And have felt the spirit within me moved
By the silvery sound of the soft lute's tone,
With the voice of a loved and gentle one ;
I have heard the pealing organ raise
Its thrilling notes of lofty praise ;
I have heard the mourner's plaintive lay,
And have wept in childish sympathy ;
Yet I never listened to sounds so blest
As those which rose in the distant west,—
To anthem thrilling the soul so high,
As that which pealed from the northern sky ;—
Never did earthly music greet
My raptured ear with notes so sweet
As that same soft and parting lay,
In its distant, dying melody.

I heard no more ;—for a fringe of light
Bordered the eastern veil of night ;
The morning breeze came roaring by,
Bowing the forest heads on high,
And the tuneful march of the stars gave way
To the busy hum of the rising day.

I know that the faithless world may deem
This but a wandering fancy's dream,—
For seldom to mortal ear is given,
To hear the harmony of Heaven.
And grant that the carping world is right ;—
Be it a dream of the shadowy night ;—
Yet its impress upon my soul hath grown
Deeper and deeper as years roll on,—
And in memory's trust shall it ever lie,
As a cherished and loved reality.
I ne'er shall see that bright rayed star,
Or that which meekly beamed afar,
Or gaze on the glorious northern sky,
Whence rolled those sounds of majesty,
But my heart shall swell with this thought alone—
“ Glory and praise to the Holy One.”
And when God shall grant me to soar away,
Dropping this veil of mortal clay ;
When backward roll the clouds that stay
The day-spring of eternity,
Then, then will I mount on triumph's wing,
To join with the glittering throng and sing—
With the myriads round the Eternal Throne—
“ Glory and praise to the Holy One.”

THE POETRY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

IN that age of the world when tyranny had moulded man's independent spirit to the most abject servility—when the primitive religion was lost in unholy rites and senseless superstition, and when all the avenues to the sources of knowledge were closed by the jargon of a mystical philosophy; in this period of darkness, appeared the first of that series of Divine communications, in which are contained our religion and the higher portion of our knowledge. They have descended to us through a troubled ocean, but the Controller of storms has conducted them in safety. The arts and malice of enemies could not destroy them; the deep, sluggish shade of ignorance could not obscure them. It may not, then, be uninteresting, it cannot be impertinent, to inquire by what means the Creator has secured for his volume the reverence and attention of man, so degraded in taste and so bewildered in understanding; and by what arts he has thrown around it all the interest of romance, while he has filled it with the perfection of wisdom?

The sway of philosophy is limited and imperfect; mankind must be governed not by speculation, but by fact, by influences which affect the senses, which flash upon the understanding in palpable forms, and suit themselves to life without the labor of reasoning and deduction. Hence, in every age and every advance of society, men have been disposed to throw off the restrictions of logical and philosophical rules, and to express their ideas in the freer and more majestic language of poetry. Among other nations, this impulse has suggested the most absurd fictions and led away the imagination into the wildest vagaries. Among the Jews it was the friend, the guardian of truth, the faculty of expressing ideas too sublime for the comprehension of definite language, and too closely interwoven with human life to be conveyed in the abstract terms of philosophy. The history of the Jews was a succession of wonders, and supplied an inexhaustible fund for the most grasping imagination. Within the boundaries of truth, the poet found the widest, highest range for thought, and by that very means was happily excluded from the arts of falsehood and exaggeration, which have often degraded and polluted the poetry of other nations. He wandered among the stately monuments and crumbling ruins of the past, or plunged into the future and watched its unborn changes. No pensioner upon royal bounty, no dependent upon the favor of men, the Jewish poet never for a moment sunk to the panegyrist or the flatterer. He looked not into the countenance but into the hearts of men. Such is the character whom we are to introduce before you, and such is the medium through which the Creator chose to instruct the human race.

By those who have *studied* the sacred writings, I shall be understood when I say that the greater part produce the *effect* of the most exquisite poetry. I therefore pass by the language, and shall confine myself to the variety and grandeur of the subjects, which are here combined into a harmonious image of heavenly virtue.

The Jewish poets stood on a lofty elevation. Their view was the most cloudless, most unlimited, that was ever permitted to human sight. Before them lay Palestine, rich in every beauty with which nature has adorned the world, presenting a surface now sinking into valleys of the most exuberant fertility, and thence rising through the gradations of plain, hill and dusky mountain, each seeming to be a paradise for its peculiar tenants. Scattered over it, too, were a people whose character and history accorded well with the romantic spot in which the Creator had placed them. With a mind passionate, ardent in pursuit, soaring high when virtuous and plunging deep when vicious, the whole existence of the Jew was a struggle between enthusiastic piety and grovelling passion. Now he contended with ardent zeal for his religion, and now he abandoned it for the wooden deities of his pagan neighbors. Yesterday he breathed the spirit of freedom, to-day he kisses the fetters of slavery. Such was the wayward character which the Jewish poets depict with such liveliness of feeling and such depth of knowledge. Such was the nation whom they were sent to instruct; and not a circumstance do they pass by which might give interest or grandeur to their communications. They pointed out the monuments of the past, they set in order the miracles which had distinguished every part of their national existence, and these allusions and instructions they clothe in language so dignified by simplicity, so animate with metaphors, that they seem to be the objects of nature endued with mind and rising up to admonish men.

But the Jewish poets had still another resource of higher and purer poesy than these. With that divine flame which purified the soul and loosed its imprisoned faculties, came also the vision of futurity and mingled with their meditations on the past and present. Where to all other eyes appeared nothing but uncertain conjecture, or deep darkness and folded mystery, they saw cities and empires rise, flourish and decay. They watched the progress and completion of revolutions yet to be, and heard the fierce breathings of ambition and the hollow moanings of wretchedness yet unborn. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman, each in his turn erected his giant image, and each in succession faded away into unsubstantial shadows. The future world unfolded its history, and society with all its mighty changes passed in grand procession before them. With their superhuman

energy Time was unable to contend. He seemed to have lost his dominion over the human mind, and his power and scepter crumbled to the dust like worthless things.

Thus elevated by superior knowledge, the Jewish poet was not a toy for man's fancy to sport with ; he appeared with every attribute that can dignify human character, and all these he communicated with undiminished lustre to his writings. His voice was not a gentle silver sound, distracted and lost in the hum and tumult of business ; it was a note that penetrated entire and full into every ear ; that pierced through the defenses of passion, and was stayed not even by the thick prison walls of ignorance and stupidity. The lowest peasant felt its keen thrill, and the monarch dared not slight the warning words. This unbounded influence over the minds of men was not idly lost, or exercised for trivial ends. Had the object of the poet terminated with lively pictures of nature, or skillful delineations of the human character, the breath of inspiration might have been spared, and genius left to execute his proper task. But with the inspired writers these are but the shadows, the spots which they scatter over a subject of itself too bright for our weak faculties. These are but as the baubles on the water, when the mountains and the blue heavens appear behind the pure wave. These are the means by which *they* seize our attention and insensibly raise our souls to their sublimer theme. If the valleys laugh with peace and plentifulness, it is in gratitude to their beneficent Protector ; if the hills stretch forth their arms and shake back their shaggy locks, it is to welcome the presence of their Creator. Through every variety of description, in every stroke aimed at vice and apostacy, the same mighty object—the indistinct yet visible form of the Deity—moves behind the poet's touch and consecrates his words. He converses with nature only to teach her adoration to the God of nature ; he strikes the chords of human passion only to show their dissonance with harmony of Heaven. He makes all things subservient to his enthusiastic devotion. The past revives her mouldering forms of existence, the present opens her most secret chambers and uncovers her hidden vices and follies, and the future unrolls her mysteries and her successive periods as they rise to being and pass away—only, only, to dignify the wisdom and power that plans and governs all things. For this purpose earth and heaven existed ; for this purpose they shall melt away in the last convulsion of nature.

In fine, when we close the sacred volume, and with a rapid glance embrace its characteristic features, we cannot but be astonished at the sublimity of the objects which it discloses. It makes known our origin and our twofold destiny. Not only does it describe man as he is, and thread all the mazes of his

crooked inclinations, but it also shows us what he was and what he again shall be when purified and fitted for the society of angels. It is the connecting link between two states of existence; in the language of Homer, it raises its head to heaven and moves upon the earth. It seeks to dignify our character by painting the happiness, the perfection, to which we may arrive. It says to man, if eloquence, even when degraded by the feebleness of our nature, can raise the humble, debase the mighty, shake the stability of empires, and sway the movements of a nation's mind, what will be its power when it proceeds from the lips of seraphs and breathes the pure energies of hallowed love? If music, with all its earthly imperfections, has charms that can bind the wandering thoughts, still the ravings of passion, and lull into oblivious happiness even the wretched and the guilty, what will be its ecstatic effect when it floats on the breath of Heaven from the sweet-toned lyres of angels? This is the poetry of Heaven. This is the poetry of the Holy Scriptures.

OH, CHIDE ME NOT.

OH, chide me not, reproving
A flame so wild though pure,
Nor bid me cease from loving,
While mem'ry shall endure.

The light of hope was fading,
That rendered life so dear,
And grief my young days shading,
The world grew dark and drear.

Each joy my bosom cherished,
Had fled or turned to pain;
My idols all had perished,
And fancy's dreams proved vain.

While thus I dwelt in sadness,
That angel vision came;
I loved her—O what madness
Was mingled with my flame!

She was my star, restoring
Rays early quenched in night—
I could but kneel adoring,
And worship at its light.

Wild thoughts that long had slumbered,
Awakened at her smile;
Bright visions rose unnumbered,
And reason slept the while.

The gloom my path that shrouded,
I fondly fancied o'er,
And dreamed that bliss unclouded
Might bless my lot once more.

But from the spell that bound me,
I waken to my fate—
The cypress waves around me,
My path is desolate.

And she shall never, never,
Share sorrows such as mine;
But bid me not to sever
Her image from its shrine.

Then chide me not, reproving
A flame so wild, though pure—
I cannot cease from loving
While mem'ry shall endure.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ELIJAH S. HAWLEY, A MEMBER OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS,
WHO DIED AT NEW HAVEN, AUG. 17, 1840.

THE leaves are falling fast,
O'er hill and vale and lea;
And chilly grows the autumn blast,
That howls through the forest free.
As I wander along the leaf-strewn way,
In each rustling step I hear them say,
Passing away!

Their plaintive melody
Whispers of one beloved,
As light as they in youthful glee,
When in spring 'neath them he'roved.
Stern was the doom that let none stay—
Winter has writ on the hopes of May,
Passing away!

Comrades! when spring was bright,
And gladsome every sound;
When summer came with dewy night,
And soft airs floating round:
The sunny hours of each genial day,
Though we listened not, they still did say,
Passing away!

Thought ye, as then ye felt
The sun so warm become,
That ere another year, 'twould melt
The snows o'er Hawley's tomb?
Though ye heard it not in the streamlet's play,
It murmured so joyous but to say,
Passing away!

True is it he has gone!
Since e'en the young must fade;
Like a white-winged argosie gone down,
When only zephyrs played:
Whose bubbles glistening a sun-bright ray,
In their moment's life, in breaking say,
Passing away!

Ye knew him free from guile,
Free as from stain the snow;
Ye know how kindly was the smile,
We see no more below.
The wealth that wisdom's search will pay,
He sought—he heard its sages say,
Passing away!

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OF THE
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